

commonweal



BLACK CON III

a new value system

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NEWS & VIEWS

Daly Departs

The drift of talent from the Catholic press continues. The latest to go: Jack Daly, news editor of *The Catholic Transcript*, Hartford archdiocesan paper, also serving the Dioceses of Bridgeport and Norwich.

Daly, 40, has been in the Catholic press since 1954, first as a staff writer and coordinating editor at NC News Service, and since 1966 in Hartford. He was one of the very best of those who worked just below the office of editor-in-chief, and in many persons' book, including mine, better than the top talent in most diocesan newspaper offices.

Daly has become director of public relations for a Hartford advertising firm.

He links his change partly to "new opportunity," and partly to the *Transcript's* troubles—"and all that says about whether the church will support a paper that tries to tell the truth."

By the "church," Daly means Catholics generally; by "support," financial rather than ideological backing.

The *Transcript*, like most diocesan newspapers, has been on the circulation skids for the past few years, and is down to the point that without a quick 20,000 circulation rise, it will have to suspend publication in a year's time.

The current *Catholic Press Directory* gives the *Transcript's* circulation as 52,461, but the real figure is said to be below 50,000. When Daly joined the *Transcript* in 1966, circulation was 96,000.

The *Transcript* operates without a quota system or other mandated circulation plan, and some see this as the heart of the paper's problems. There is also the fact that church attendance is down. "When only 47 percent of the people are going to Mass—a figure from an

archdiocesan survey of last October—it certainly becomes a factor in whether a paper can live or die," Daly remarked.

As a survival economy, the *Transcript* dropped NC News Service last December. . . . a phenomenon all by itself.

Up to recent months, it was absolutely unthinkable that official diocesan newspapers would drop the official news-dispensing agency of the U.S. bishops. But the number of cancellees has now grown to 13, and more are said to be contemplating the action.

In the occasional instance, cancellation results less from finances than from changed emphasis. Some diocesan papers are in full retreat from national and international news, and concentrating on the diocesan scene. They can easily make do without NC.

But most, like the *Transcript*, are forced to the decision by financial considerations.

The *Catholic News* of New York, another diocesan paper in tight straits, recently dropped NC for alert and less expensive Religious News Service (RNS), an adjunct of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. The saving to the *Catholic News* is reportedly around \$10,000 per annum.

Saving Species

In his *Utopian Motherhood* book of 1970, Robert Francoeur raised the possibility of applying artificial insemination to save endangered animal species.

In the February issue of *Science and Public Affairs*, he becomes more explicit. There is considerable hope for scores of endangered species, says Francoeur, "if those involved . . . apply some of the reproductive technologies widely used in animal husbandry, and even on the human level."

Specifically, these include "the use of frozen semen for

artificial insemination and superovulation followed by in vitro fertilization and embryo transplant or artificial inactivation to a surrogate mother."

Experimental embryology has transformed the breeding of domesticated animals, Francoeur notes, pointing to the fact that in a single year 59 million cows, 47 million ewes, one million sows, 125,000 mares and 56,000 goats were artificially inseminated.

He notes also that today possibly one percent of all human infants born in the U.S. are conceived by artificial insemination, and that sperm banks for the cryonic storage of human sperm are opening as commercial ventures in many large American cities.

Francoeur would like to take all this science and begin to apply it to the captive population of the approximately 4,300 species of mammals living today—one out of ten of which is classified as endangered.

Francoeur concedes the positiveness of some steps being taken to rescue today's species from becoming tomorrow's fossils, such as the program to draw specimens from a variety of zoos around the country and concentrate them in a quasi-natural captive breeding habitat.

But he considers it "reckless and irresponsible" to concentrate hopes in limited approaches, when science has at hand sophisticated techniques "like artificial insemination, frozen semen, superovulation and embryo transplant."

"These can and should be used in this desperate situation," he concludes.

Nuclearizing Britain

Anthony Tucker of the *Manchester Guardian* does not cotton to the suggestion of James Schlesinger, new president of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, that we fly all our worst nuclear

garbage to the sun.

"Without being too much of a pessimist about space technology," writes Tucker, "I would suggest that this would be permissible only if the fallout from failed shots landed on Mr. Schlesinger. The trouble, of course, is that it would not. It would rain down on the earth like the fallout from any other nuclear idiocy in near-earth space."

Tucker notes that a single year's commercial nuclear waste in Britain, "ignoring the large quantities of short-lived nuclides and problems of plutonium particles that escape," is the equivalent of five times all the fission products produced by atmospheric tests up to the time of the ban.

Not only that; reprocessing plants do not pass their hot materials immediately into permanent storage. They usually carry them for a few years, remarks Tucker, and therefore have an inventory of anything from three to ten-years' input. The five-year inventory for Britain alone amounts to some 3,500 megatons, or 170,000 Hiroshima bomb equivalents.

Commercial growth is such, adds Tucker, that by the turn of the century "the U.S. and Europe jointly will each day have to bury or dispatch optimistically into space the equivalent of 2,000 Hiroshima bombs."

Tucker worries, as worry we all might, because the problem is not publicly discussed, and apparently not fully appreciated even within the agencies and industries involved.

Odds and Ends

—Stopper of the week: the headline in the New York *Metropolitan Church News*, BISHOP WRIGHT AIR INDUSTRY AWARDS LUNCHEON. It honored the late United Brethren bishop of Dayton (father of Orville and Wilbur), not the former R.C. bishop of Worcester and Pittsburgh.

JOHN DEEDY

CORRESPONDENCE



Celibacy/Ministry

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors: My husband and I enjoyed Father Pawlikowski's "The Minister as Pharisee" [Jan. 21] and thoroughly agreed with it.

Two things, though, please. He said that what came through loud and clear after several days of carefully reading through the transcripts of the bishops' discussion was the general lack of any accurate understanding of the revolution in the conception and practice of ministry on the part of Jesus and the early church. This has been coming through very loud and very clear to a lot of us for a long time. Life is much too short for anyone to waste several days of it on actually reading the transcripts. The little blurbs released are sufficient.

The second thing—dear Heaven—"Few married men, to cite an extreme example, could take the road of the Berrigans." There are thousands and thousands of celibate priests who do not really preach the teaching of Jesus Christ with love and authority, but with monotonous blandness and who wouldn't go to jail for anybody or anything. Oh, the tiny number who will even use the pulpit!

(MRS.) NANCY ROCHE

Ft. Lee, N.J.

To the Editors: Thanks to John Pawlikowski for adding a genuinely innovative idea to the current discussion about the future of ministry. His article is an all too rare example of scholarly writing that is both readable and professional. Since he took up the question of celibacy, I wish he had, in describing rabbis of Jesus' time, included the fact that they had to be married men (as of course was also the case for leading Christian teachers—bishops—later on). Secondly, his statement that "few married men . . . could take the road of the Berrigans" is a bit gratuitous. Few of any kind of men can do

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ROLL CALL

Some weeks ago Senator Margaret Chase Smith chided her Senatorial colleagues for excessive voting absences. Ever since we have been waiting with unbated breath for signs that the admonitions of the Senate's only woman member had struck home. But if there have been any mea culpas from assorted Senators since then, we have missed them completely. What has emerged, however, is similar criticism from the influential majority leader, Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana, in a N.Y. Times interview. "The record we have is abominable, and the situation is horrible," said Senator Mansfield. And the facts seem to bear him out. In roll-calls thus far in this session, for example, absenteeism has been running at a rate of 25 to 30 percent, and many more members have been absent from debate on the floor even though they show up to vote. All this has obvious results; little has been accomplished in Congress so far in this session, especially in the Senate, with most activity centering around matters left over from the last session. Both chambers are far behind schedule.

It is, therefore, hard to argue with Margaret Chase Smith's indictment, even though it is asking too much to expect any public penitence from the nation's Representatives and Senators in response to her charges. A little private contrition, though, and a more or less firm purpose of amendment would be just as welcome, for Mrs. Smith's point bears directly on the quality of Congressional performance and explains the strength of her views. Her solution: a constitutional amendment that would require Congress to expel any member who missed more than forty percent of the votes in any session. (In a case like this a critic must be like Caesar's wife, and Mrs. Smith's record is above reproach: she holds the record for the most consecutive votes by a member of Congress without an absence.)

For those of her colleagues with less commendable attendance records, Mrs. Smith had a few colorful terms: "moonlighters," "junketeers," "prima donnas," all of whom, she charged, interfere with the orderly accomplishment of Congressional business. It is possible, of course, Senator Smith may exaggerate the value of attendance in itself; Senators and Representatives on occasion do good work off the floor as well as on. Nonetheless, allowing a little for exaggeration, we think Mrs. Smith has a real point. In the last session of Congress, according to *Congressional Quarterly*, the average

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member voted 79 percent of the time. That's not too bad, perhaps—a passing mark of almost 80. However, 21 Congressmen and 6 Senators were absent for more than 40 percent of the votes in 1969 and 1970. Part of Mrs. Smith's criticism was aimed at Presidential hopefuls who hit the campaign road rather than put in their time on the Senate floor. But she saved harsher words for those on the fried-chicken-and-cold-peas circuit: "A greater cause of Senate debilitation," she said, "comes from the Senate 'moonlighters' who regard the Senate as strictly secondary to their money-making activities in being offered high-paid lecture fees simply because they are Senators." For some legislators such lecture fees add up to substantial sums, with certain members of Congress doubling or more than doubling their official salaries in this way.

To our mind, there are other Congressional abuses

which are more serious than absenteeism—the overly rigid seniority system or the examples of scandalous conflict of interest, for instance, which allow Representatives and Senators to vote on legislation in which they or their law clients have a direct concern. Further, Mrs. Smith's formula for outright expulsion for missing 40 percent of the votes in one session seems severe, making as it does no provision for illness. Nonetheless, the problem Senator Smith describes is a large one, and her suggestion for a legislative cure is at least worth serious discussion.

What chance does the Smith proposal have, realistically? Absolutely none. Why? As she said, "Because the Senate is a club of prima donnas intensely self-oriented—99 kings and one queen—dedicated to their own personal accommodation." Harsh words, but that's what the lady said.



THE FAMOUS WASHINGTON TUNNELS

BENEATH THE SURFACE

On October 23, 1970, President Richard M. Nixon announced the inception of "Zero in on Safety," a two-year plan designed to reduce the frequency of injuries to government employees, and patterned after the "Zero In" program developed for private industry by the National Safety Council. The new federal program follows the Council's philosophy of approaching occupational safety and health as a problem of educating employees to be careful, while at the same time soft-pedaling the responsibility of employers for unsafe and unhealthy work conditions. Thus, the federal government is making extensive use of National Safety Council promotional materials, including the Council's "Zero In Program Planning Guide."

As the hortatory hoop-la of "Zero in on Safety" reverberates throughout the federal bureaucracy, 25 employees working for the General Services Administration (GSA) in the 13 miles of underground steam tunnels in the District of Columbia keep the federal government's heating system in operating order. "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" warned those who approached Dante's Inferno. No such caption marks the entrance to the tunnels, where workers, over the past decade have been enduring their own peculiar hell. Incidentally, these are the same tunnels that the Harrisburg 8 allegedly would have done away with while making off with Henry Kissinger.

First Week:

Introduce the campaign without any reference to safety at all. Just use the term ZERO IN as a teaser. This will give the project an air of mystery and arouse interest in the workforce. Carry the

teaser for a week. ZERO IN buttons can be distributed at this time. . . .

—"Zero In Program Planning Guide"

Exposed to temperatures that average between 135° and 150°, the workers in the tunnels cannot wear rings or watches or other metal objects (including buttons) because they would overheat quickly and burn the skin. Safety glasses with metal frames, though issued, cannot be worn for the same reason.

There is little mystery about the tunnels. Prospective employees receive a tour before being offered a job, so that they will know what they are getting into—apparently on the misguided notion that it is not necessary to protect the health of employees who know about the hazards to which they are being exposed.

Second Week:

During the second week of the campaign the chief executive should issue a statement to all employees emphasizing the organization's dedication to safety and that support of the ZERO IN effort will help achieve an accident-free workplace. It is important to establish management's support of ZERO IN early in the program.

—"Zero In Program Planning Guide"

Upon hearing complaints about the effects of 170° heat on the human body, John Galuardi, GSA's Regional Administrator, remarked, "Well, some people pay to visit a sauna, don't they?"

Federal employees do not have to pay to work close to 10 hours out of a 40-hour week in their cramped, dimly lit sauna. In fact, they even receive a hazardous-duty pay differential of 17 extra cents an hour for time

spent in the tunnels. By some strange economic logic, this paltry sum is supposed to justify the federal government's exposing men in good physical condition to the risk of heart attacks and respiratory diseases.

Robert Vaughn of Ralph Nader's Public Interest Research Group accompanied several workers on a nighttime drive over the tunnel route. He likened his odyssey to a tour of a battlefield, as the workers pointed out where one employee had a heart attack, where another fell from a ladder, and where another blacked out from the extreme temperature changes. In the winter the temperature differential between the tunnels and above ground may well be over 100°, yet the man (like Bolivian tin miners, who work under similar conditions) have no facilities to cool them off gradually before they leave the tunnels. Indeed, some workers prefer the summer, because Washington's oppressively humid weather seems cool to them as they emerge from their sauna.

Third Week:

Score-keeping should start with the third week by pasting the ZERO IN stickers in the daily squares of the scoreboard. . . . Additionally, supervisors should give attention to equipment and material damage.

—“Zero In Program Planning Guide”

In response to an inquiry from Representative Dominick Daniels (D., N.J.) in June, 1971, regarding work conditions in the steam tunnels, Mr. Galuardi replied, “We are not aware of any inoperative fan due to bad repair.”

One reason for this ignorance was the failure of the GSA and the Labor Department, which had also been notified, to talk with any of the workers in the tunnels. The workers reported that the fan (as well as the telephones) at one location had been out of order for three months, and that at another location two fans were not working.

On November 3, 1971, Congressional Delegate Walter E. Fauntroy of the District of Columbia toured the steam tunnels. He found numerous burned-out lights and one ventilation fan not operating. He noted that water was leaking into the tunnel, and that at one point the walkway was covered with mud.

Fourth Week:

Sometime during the fourth week, consider the possibilities of local newspaper publicity on the campaign. . . . If you have a public relations or community relations department, it can carry the ball. . . . Such publicity is good for the company and pleasing to the employees who are a part of it.

—“Zero In Program Planning Guide”

Ever since 1959 workers have been complaining about the steam tunnels to government and union officials. Their efforts have gone unrewarded. Conditions described in a 1963 General Services Administration report—“sulphuretted hydrogen, a gas generated by sewer waste,

which when breathed can cause acute poisoning, disorganization of the blood, burning pains in the eyes, nose and throat, gastritis, headache, convulsions and paralysis”—still exist today. In 1971 workers in these same tunnels reported the presence of sewer gas, and carbon monoxide as well.

On January 5, 1972, Delegate Fauntroy held a press conference to deplore conditions in the tunnels. Four workers participated. Two of these men have since been transferred from tunnel work, and face the possibility of being assigned to lower-paying jobs.

When the work environment in the tunnels was described to him, Dr. Austin Henschel of the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health observed that 170° temperatures were “horribly high,” and that the ability to perform hard physical work would be limited at 150° heat. He also stated that protective cooling clothing should be required (the GSA requires only long-sleeved shirts and pants), and that even with such protection workers should spend only 10 or 15 minutes per hour in the tunnels. The worker should spend the rest of the hour in a cool cubicle or room, and should not be permitted to go right up into the street.

The gap between the rhetoric of “Zero In” and the reality of the steam tunnels is characteristic of the federal government's attitude toward the occupational environment of federal employees. The Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970 assigns to the head of every federal agency responsibility to safeguard the health and safety of employees, but provides no sanctions for violations of this duty. For the tunnel workers, the Act is as much hot air as their work environment.

JOSEPH A. PAGE and MARY WIN O'BRIEN

(Joseph A. Page is an Associate Professor and Mary Win O'Brien a third-year student at the Georgetown Law Center. This article is adapted from the forthcoming Nader Report on Occupational Safety Health, to be published next fall.)

NEXT WEEK

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR writes from Rome on the controversy attending Italy's new divorce law:

“The violent tone of the discussion shows that a repeal referendum would mean an anachronistic revival of earlier battles between clericals and anti-clericals. The Christian Democratic party, after many years of alliance with the non-confessional parties, has not the slightest wish to risk another war of religion; but on the other hand it cannot afford to disregard its own membership, Catholic Action and the bishops, who (with the silent approval of the Vatican) invoke a headlong clash with ‘irreligion.’”

BLACK CON III

DOUGLASS McFERRAN



**The black value system has emerged slowly, but
a consistent logic has marked its development.**

Bob was a bear of a man dressed in an improvised dashiki and a hunter's cap. He was a black veteran returning to college primarily for the sake of the small stipend it would pay him, and I knew that at the time he was, like many other young blacks, attending lectures in a Black Muslim mosque.

"Check this out," he was saying to my class. "When you ain't got nothing, it's only human to take something that's just lying around. My mother says not to bring anything stolen into the house. So we keep the stuff in the garage. But taking it, that's just human, you dig?"

"Well," one of the whites asked him, "you wouldn't want someone to steal from you, would you?"

Bob laughed. "If I'm careless I'll get something ripped off from me. So I'll go out and rip off the same thing from someone else who's careless, you dig?"

"But stealing's wrong."

"Not when you ain't got nothing and someone's got what you need and he ain't watching it." The implication was clear. A man who needed what he had would always watch it; not watching it was a way of admitting that he didn't need it, and his loss to a man who was in need was somehow fair. The ethic of the streets had its own logic as internally consistent as the ethic of the Golden Rule.

The older woman who faithfully took notes on all these conversations looked up anxiously. All the blacks, about half a dozen, seemed to be in agreement. The force of Bob's reasoning was hitting home to her. He was not calling himself a thief. He was instead saying that he was a man who did what he had to in order to survive. For

perhaps the first time in several months of dialogue she was beginning to realize how deep was the gap that separated her world from his.

I had been citing an article in which a young white writer was detailing the anguish with which he had recognized that his children's black friends would almost casually steal from them and then deny the theft even when confronted with the evidence. Curious about the possibility of different reactions from the students in my class, a somewhat experimental course in ethnic value systems, I had first queried the whites, then the blacks. The whites had sympathized with the father's dilemma—either to draw a color line for his children's playmates or to accept the possibility that his family would be systematically exploited. The blacks, all of whom were from ghetto communities, had merely been amused at the naiveté of the parent.

As we went on with the discussion, the differences in outlook became more pronounced. Those of us who were white agreed that we had internalized the middle-class norm that property is sacred—and this was so even if we violated the norm. The blacks, the real proletariat or propertyless of American society, regarded this norm as hypocritical. *We* stole too, only we called it something else. ("What else was slavery?" one asked angrily. "What else is it when you don't pay a man enough to live on?")

The blacks rejected the father's failure to recognize why his children's ghetto playmates both stole and lied to cover up their stealing. The children, as they saw it, had a chance to take things they would not otherwise be able to get. (After all, they didn't have a rich daddy like the little white boys.) They did what came naturally. No, they should not *have* to steal—but it was whites who had created the situation in which blacks must either

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steal or go without. And the new black mood, one not always shared by an older generation, was that an abstract discussion of morality made no sense against the harsh realities of ghetto existence. (There is remarkable relevance in Thomas Aquinas' dictum that a modicum of comfort is necessary for the practice of virtue.)

Afterwards, as I often did, I asked my note-taking lady for her reactions. "It all seems so hopeless for us ever to live together," she commented. It was what the blacks had been saying all along.

The black psychiatrist Franz Fanon once wrote of *Black Skin, White Masks*. These masks were now coming off in the realistic assessment of their position by the young blacks in my class. They had argued once about the wisdom of letting Whitey know what they were thinking, but there was too much of a sense of the immediate for them to keep back their feelings. Yet always, as they made it clear, the anger was not directed at the individual whites in the room, only at all they stood for. The anger was there nonetheless, and there was also a shared conviction that it was quite likely just a matter of time before the white determination to perpetrate genocide would have to be met by open warfare.

I had mentioned this conviction in one other class I taught. Afterwards a young man who had been solicited by the paramilitary Right came up to tell me that the blacks would not have a chance in a civil war. He described the outlook of the men he knew, ex-GI's who had armed themselves with sophisticated weaponry in the expectation of a black uprising.

"You're forgetting Algeria—and Vietnam," I told him. "It's one thing to go nigger-hunting, quite another to put your own life on the line in guerrilla warfare. Whites are ready to kill but not to die. Blacks are ready for both. We're not able to handle having plastic explosives demolish our theaters, or random sniping on our streets."

Bob had already suggested this. "It's no big thing in the ghetto to off a policeman. He's paid to put on a badge and get shot at. That's why we're not going to off policemen from now on." He looked around the class. "It's the man who pays the policeman while he stays home and drinks his bourbon and coffee that we'll be shooting at next."

The young white with the paramilitary connections was persistent. "We outnumber them, and we've got them circled. They couldn't try to fight it out."

"They really wouldn't have to," I answered. "Remember, they control the cities—and they're used to living without the services we take for granted. Cities are fragile, and the rest of us depend on them. Our structures would break down before the blacks would be subdued. Outnumbered or not, they *could* win in a civil war. Yet whether they would win or not, the United States would cease to exist as we know it."

They *could* win. And even if they couldn't, the lesson of Attica should be a reminder of how these new blacks

will prefer death as men to life as something less. Attica—and also the tragic shootout at the Marin County courthouse. The final argument of the white—his own assurance that the black *must* be patient because anything else is suicidal—today seems far less convincing.

How Much Is Rhetoric?

How much of Bob's appeal to violence was "jiving," ghetto rhetoric that must be interpreted as deliberate hyperbole, an effort at consciousness-raising and not a serious statement of intent? I am convinced that the fear of white violence is quite real and that the concept of retaliatory violence (the logic, after all of American involvement in Vietnam) has itself become a part of the new black mood in the same way that "ripping off" Whitey is seen as retaliation for centuries of white exploitation. Still, it is difficult to distinguish clearly between a survival ethic that will, for example, justify violence against other blacks and a revolutionary ethic that sees violence as a legitimate response to the white world. Older blacks, committed to fairly stable patterns of acceptance, often feel as much threatened by the more militant of young blacks as do whites, and it often does seem that black militancy can become an elaborate version of "the Murphy game" (the ghetto trick of conning a customer into paying in advance for the services of a non-existent prostitute).

What is worth noting is that the blacks in my class were themselves quick to point this out. They downplayed, for example, their personal acceptance of any particular black leader or group on the grounds that it was too easy for a man to be out just for himself instead of for his people. And they were even more contemptuous of the few would-be white radicals who attempted to talk revolution to them than they were of the guilt-laden white liberals who "just wanted to help." ("Don't you understand?" a black girl shouted back one day. "You can't do anything for us. Except get off our backs. Give us the money and we'll run our own schools. Get rid of your police and we'll take care of ourselves.") What they were reflecting was not a rationalization of hoodlum behavior but a very real and a very painful recognition of the givens of their situation. Behind an often obvious "jiving" that was an effort to shock Whitey as well as to reassert blackness there were also a genuine warmth and humor and above all a desire to make the white understand what he was doing to himself through his own racism.

The black value system of today has emerged slowly but it has followed a consistent logic in its development. A repressed minority has three options: to close in upon itself (the path followed by groups such as the Amish and the only option open under slavery), to attempt assimilation into the dominant group (the goal of a century of Negro leadership), or to explore new modes of effective reaction to end repression. With the blunting of the

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hopes of civil rightists over the past decade, a succession of powerful individuals (Malcolm, Stokely Carmichael, Eldridge Cleaver, Huey Newton, Bobby Seale) has raised the pitch of black militancy and contributed to the development of a new consciousness that matches the Consciousness III of the white young in the same way that earlier options corresponded to the Consciousness I of the Protestant Ethic and the Consciousness II of the Organization Man.

This black Con III is still in a process of development and to the extent that it exists as reaction it is inherently unstable. It could be replaced either by a new separatism (the thrust of movements such as Ron Karenga's US, charged by some militants as a government-sponsored effort to defuse the Black Panthers) or by a new attempt to break into the system (modeled perhaps on Jesse Jackson's Operation Breadbasket)—or it could succeed in its goals only to face the new problems of black identity described by Fanon in *The Wretched of the Earth*.

If there is any validity at all to Charles Reich's description of a counterculture that is the product of an affluent, technologically advanced society, it is nonetheless the description of a white value system. It presumes, wrongly I feel, the cessation of significant differences between black and white interests in the American society as though, with the advent of bell bottoms, the inherent discrimination of American institutions were already overcome. No less than its predecessors, Reich's white Con III fails to come to grips with the meaning of the black experience. Because it is the value system of a dominant group, it does not take into account what it means to lack access to institutional power, in other words to be in the position of a repressed minority. (Oppression, it should be noted, can be ended while repression can continue. Blacks can be "liberated" and still not be free in any effective sense.)

The ideas of black power, community control and all the rest have struck not only white liberals but even white radicals as remarkably perverse, the rejection of an open hand. Blacks have, for example, characteristically avoided an involvement in the activities that many young whites have considered truly revolutionary, from the street politics of Chicago in 1968 and the massive reaction to government policies in the spring of 1970 to today's crusades against population and pollution. Woodstock was a white trip, and even the trial of the Chicago Eight lost its ecumenical significance when Bobby Seale rebelled against it.

From a black perspective, however, the young white radical is only play-acting. Why should the moral purity of being a C.O. or going on a recycling binge hold any meaning for the black who feels that the only real issue is his own survival, not just as a man but as a man with dignity?

Over and over Bob came back to this point in the class. It was for his own self-respect that he would steal

rather than accept the white man's approval for being "poor but honest." Of course it was the law of the jungle, the survival of the fittest, but then the black ghetto was not a jungle by the black's decision but by the white's. An earlier black consciousness, the ideal of a Martin Luther King, for example, accepted the white Christian norms by which a man would tolerate his lot, improve himself, and win recognition as at least morally superior to those who attempted to destroy him. The newer black



mood, one which sees no need of leaders or of models in any sense understood by whites, acknowledges the single absolute that a man must always see himself as a man, even if he must then rob or even kill to justify his manhood. This was the spirit of the rebellion at Attica just as, half a dozen years ago, it was the reason for Watts. It is in essence the outlook of the guerrilla, the man who is engaged in his own "little war."

The white value system has barely changed over a century when it comes to any question of acknowledging a black identity. Slavery, it must be granted, is no longer condoned, but the abolitionist outlook that argued for a complete removal of blacks from a white-controlled society still persists. White liberals and even white radicals have accepted the logic of integration only to the point that there has not been a threat to the white's accepted norms. Blacks, even ghetto blacks, are welcomed—but on white terms. With the breaking of what whites feel to be a trust (as in the lament of the quite liberal white writer who could not understand "nice" children stealing and lying), the black is told he must be banished until he can be properly civilized—or whitewashed.

Is there an answer? I think there is, but it is an answer which involves a redefinition of the white value system parallel to what has happened with the black.

In brief it would require an abdication of dominance on the part of white society. Institutions which presently exist to reinforce one set of cultural standards would have to be remade. Public schools, for example, would have to submit to the full logic of community control (unless, of course, we go even further and accept Ivan Illich's proposal for a complete de-schooling of society). The prison system, if not completely abolished, would have to reconsider what it means by rehabilitation. The selective service system would have to forego the impress-

ment of minorities. And above all the economic order would have to be reestablished to permit decent housing, decent food and decent medical care for all citizens regardless of their presently diminishing utility to the new industrial state.

I may think of this as the only valid strategy for survival apart from the preventive genocide whose time may already be past, but whites obviously are not ready to relinquish dominance. In fact, as it appeared within the class, the omnipotence of white institutions was so much a part of the white outlook that the idea of a drastic redirection of American society was almost beyond comprehension. If the blacks seemed fatalistic, the whites were even more so. The tragedy of this was that this failure to acknowledge responsibility for the direction of their own institutions was a confirmation of the blacks' worst fears. If white morality did mean impotence after all, then the new black consciousness would have to involve an almost Nietzschean "transvaluation of values," a rejection of Christian morality in favor of a new ethos that respected power. ("If Jesus was God, he wouldn't have let no soldiers nail him on a cross. I don't worship no God that ain't got no respect for himself.")

The black Con III, it must be remembered, does not accept the legitimacy of theft or of violence so much as it rejects the legitimacy of situations in which the prohibition of theft or of violence works only to the advantage of the "haves" of American society. Bob was clear on this point: he did not *want* to steal, but he felt that he *had* to steal. Change his situation, make it possible for him to earn a decent living, and he *would not* steal. Fail to change his situation—and this was a question of white action—and Bob would not feel morally obliged to play by rules of the game written for someone else's benefit.

"Are you a man?" he once asked a surprised young white. "I know I'm a man. And I don't need any black leaders. I'm my own revolution. What about you?"

This was the essential question going beyond any discussion of the abstract morality of the new black values (a discussion that was not entered into when other ethnic groups were gaining their own foothold in American society, as did the Irish with corrupt politics or the Italians with commercialized vice). The black was not asking the white to consent to being a victim, nor was he permitting the white to lead him in a dramatic but futile stand against the system. He was doing for himself, "getting his own shit together," because he knew better than to expect white society to change. "Whites can't be trusted" was a constant refrain in the class, perhaps more painful to the whites than anything else that was thrown at them. Any white who was to earn a black's respect would have to be hard-nosed enough to forego the personal comfort of black acceptance (or even the assurance that he would not himself be an object of black vengeance) in order to work effectively at remaking his own

society. The white youngsters who attempted to dig on blackness were as much to be pitied as were their liberal parents who could not tell when they were being hustled and then felt betrayed when their own good intentions were used against them.

Moralizing comes easily to a white. Self-denigration appears to come easily also. "I'm here; steal from me and make me feel good because now I can understand why you steal" is a possible attitude, but it is also one which is no more effective in changing the black's situation within the United States than is a sermon on honesty as the best policy. "If you be a man," Bob once said, "I can respect you and you can respect me, you understand? But if you not a man, then I can't respect you and you can't respect me."

Here was the real challenge of the new militancy. Whites, of course, might wait to see whether it dissolves on its own, or they might begin to take stock of the danger that civil war could become more than rhetoric unless they begin the restructuring of institutions that too long have served as instruments of repression.



BIRON WALKER

"O SANCTA SIMPLICITAS"

According to Renan, Jan Hus was moved to this exclamation as he watched an old woman drag up a fagot for the fire by which he was to be martyred.

Her rusty skirts caught up about her waist,
this old peasant goody comes
towing the pitch-streaked fencepost—
quick and unstinting with her tithe
to boil my guts and save her soul.
Though it digs in at the heavy hinder end,
she tugs it along stoutly enough,
shaking her head to hands stretched forth to help—
not yet burnt out the burst of disaffirming strength
which wrenched it off at its weakest point,
at that ground-level zone
where such stuff is eaten into and unsound
from seldom being one or the other, wet or dry.
Today she makes light weight of it
who yesterday could not tote half so fat a stick
to warm her palsied flesh at her own hearth,
but stumbled bowed and groaning
under a slack apron-load of twigs.
Nor is she mindful now of the fence to mend,
the cattle to be beaten from her turnip patch.

O sancta simplicitas!

We stand across the flame.

10 March 1972: 9

TRoubLED WATERS

JOHN OVERBROOK



An age which prizes personal autonomy will shake its head over a bishop who does not believe priests and nuns can be trusted to decide what to wear.

A bishop, like a heavyweight boxing champion, is entirely alone when he is at his professional best or worst.

—John L. McKenzie, S.J., in *Theological Crossings* (Eerdmans)

Bishop Vincent S. Waters of Raleigh, N.C., has been entirely alone on two notable occasions during his 27 years as a bishop—once at his professional best and, more recently, at his professional worst.

The more recent event was well publicized and is still fresh in memory; at last report, some of the nuns whom he ordered to wear a recognizable religious garb or clear out of his diocese were still packing their recognizable secular garb and reserving tickets for their departure. Beyond the central issues of how priests and nuns should dress and what right the local ordinary has to dictate their fashions, a side-issue had been raised: whether the Sisters who were coming in to take the places of the dress rebels should be considered “scabs” and taken to task for their departure from Sisterly solidarity.

The incident seems destined to find a secure place in future histories of Sisters’ liberation—less crucial in its issues than the encounter of Cardinal McIntyre and the IHM Sisters a few years ago, amusing rather than tragic in some of its overtones (at least to those not directly involved) but still substantive.

Priests seem more fortunate than nuns, in this as in other instances. There is, apparently, an ancient clerical tradition (including both folklore and theology) dealing with ways to get around episcopal arbitrariness. Outright defiance is the current fashion, but it is not always necessary and was not much practiced by the priests in Raleigh, who claimed that they have more important things to do than quibble about clothing. The fifty-member North Carolina Priests’ Association issued a statement calling the directives “at best an exercise in triviality, at worst a symptom of failure of leadership within the Christian community.”

The directives, the priests’ association said, “come at a time when many of our cities and towns are divided by racial disorders, when our state officials are struggling for reform of the penal system, when transportation

rather than education has become a paramount issue in our public schools, when many of our young people are suffering from malnutrition, when we are perplexed about the moral dimension of military combat; for all of these the witness of the Christian is sorely needed, some voice must speak out in the name of the Gospel.”

The priests added that the church is being polarized, losing the interest of young people and shrinking in its education and vocation programs, with only seven men in the diocese presently studying for the priesthood.

“The Gospel,” they said, “involves men not in the kind of clothes they wear but in how they relate to and serve their fellow man.”

A few weeks later, for about half the priests and religious in North Carolina, Bishop Waters’ opinions on clothing became even more irrelevant. A new Diocese of Charlotte took away half of the territory and souls entrusted to the troubled bishop.

No doubt the bishop had supporters in his clothing campaign, but they were not much in evidence; they did not catch the ear of the press. I might mention in passing that an old friend of mine, a layman who associates closely with priests, has long opposed the custom of priests in his diocese who wear “civilian” clothing at parties, conventions, vacation resorts, etc. He says that the behavior of priests when they are out of uniform and professionally unidentifiable tends to give the laity a bad reputation.

The last time Bishop Waters found himself so totally isolated on a public issue was in 1953—a full year before the Supreme Court declared that segregation in the public schools was unconstitutional. In 1953, the issue was “separate but equal” churches for blacks and whites and the bishop’s stand was as forthright and Christian as his current position on clerical-religious garb is absurd and irrelevant. A closer look at the 1953 episode should give some balance and perspective to the current image of Bishop Waters and may even help to point some sort of moral.

In 1953, the small tobacco town of Newton Grove, N.C., about 40 miles south of Raleigh, numbered fewer than 350 Catholics among its citizens—about 80 black and 250 white. Despite their small numbers, however, they had two separate churches, almost side by side on the same street—Holy Redeemer for whites and St. Benedict’s for blacks.

JOHN OVERBROOK, a previous contributor, is a watcher of the American church scene.

On Sunday, May 31, 1953, at Bishop Waters' order, the two small churches were integrated, with all services to be held in the formerly white Holy Redeemer Church. Predictably, the bishop's order, the first action of its kind in the area, generated enormous opposition. A white boycott of the church was organized and only 35 white parishioners attended Mass in Holy Redeemer Church that Sunday, together with 29 black worshippers. A small but angry white mob gathered outside the church as the news spread that Bishop Waters had come unexpectedly to preside in person at the integrated Mass.

When the bishop left the church, after the services, the mob hesitated for a moment, then surrounded him. According to some accounts, the mob spat and threw rocks at the bishop. This is uncertain, but whether or not there was physical violence the verbal violence was loud and bitter. Bishop Waters made his way slowly to the steps of the rectory adjoining the church, then turned and faced the mob. Speaking calmly and quietly, he announced that he could not accept segregation in the church. "Souls do not have nationality, race or color," said Bishop Waters.

On the following Sunday, resistance dropped slightly in Newton Grove; a few more white parishioners attended the integrated Mass. But others drove long distances to avoid sharing the Eucharist with black people. Then the bishop dropped his bombshell. In a pastoral letter issued on June 12, he formally extended to his whole diocese (virtually all of North Carolina) the prohibition of segregation that he had already put into effect in Newton Grove.

"So that in the future there can be no misunderstanding on the part of anyone," he said, "let me state here as emphatically as I can: There is no segregation of races to be tolerated in any Catholic church in the Diocese of Raleigh. . . .

"Within the church building itself everyone is given the privilege to sit or kneel wherever he desires and to approach the sacraments without any regard to race or nationality.

"This doctrine is to be fully explained to each convert who enters the church from henceforth in the Diocese of Raleigh."

The last sentence above is significant. North Carolina was and still is mission country; the Catholic church, a small minority in a society not noted for broad-mindedness, was explicitly dropping a key element of protective coloring—formalizing a policy which emphasized its disagreement with one of the society's basic principles. Bishop Waters—as conversion-minded as any man in the American hierarchy—was making it enormously harder to bring in converts and he showed that he was well aware of it.

It was an act that required considerable courage and determination. For a native Southerner (Bishop Waters was born in Roanoke, Va. and spent his entire career

in Virginia before becoming Bishop of Raleigh) it took something more than courage and determination.

"I am not unmindful, as a Southerner, of the force of this virus of prejudice among some persons in the South as well as in the North," he wrote. "I know, however, that there is a cure for this virus and that is our faith. . . . I revolt against our children being infected with this virus, when men and women of good will everywhere can preserve them from it. The virus will not die out of itself, it has to be killed by being exposed to the light of Faith.

"The church does not propose tolerance which is negative, but love which is positive. . . .

"As pastor of your souls, I am happy to take the responsibility for any evil which might result from different races worshipping God together, but I would be unwilling to take the responsibility of those who refuse to worship God with a person of another race."



What common elements are there in the two incidents, separated by almost 20 years? Most notable is the element of one man, acting unilaterally—"entirely alone" like a boxing champion. By proclamation, the man limits the acceptable choices open to a group of people who are under his pastoral care. In 1953, the eliminated option was clearly evil, no matter how thoroughly sanctioned by tradition and social pressure. Today, the issue of clerical and religious garb does not rank anywhere near the importance of the segregation question in 1953. The weight of tradition is strong on this issue, but the social pressures in the two cases are hardly comparable. The moral factors involved in the issue of clerical garb—except, perhaps the question of authority—are negligible.

An age which makes personal autonomy one of its highest values will shake its head sadly at a bishop who does not believe his clergy and religious can be trusted to decide for themselves what they will wear. Yet those who protest the clothing proclamations most loudly are precisely those who would applaud the integration decision of 1953 most vigorously.

The fact that both gestures came about through the same process should make us pause uncomfortably. The churches of Raleigh would not have been integrated

in 1953—perhaps could not be integrated today—if the diocese had not been autocratically governed. It would have been impossible for Bishop Waters to find a truly representative committee of laymen and clergy to initiate or even endorse his integration decision. Unless, of course, he fell back on an appeal to his authority.

It will not do to say that autocracy is all right when it accomplishes good and bad when it results only in a needless limitation of freedom. The definition of what is good is precisely the point at issue in conflicts between authority and personal autonomy. The making of such judgments only substitutes your opinion or mine for that of Bishop Waters—not to mention the opinion of any tobacco-grower in North Carolina—and brings us no closer to a reliable, non-subjective standard.

Nor does it help much, really, to specify that authority should be exercised within a context of accountability, that it should be supported by a consensus of those who are the subjects of authority. This might have applied well enough in the clerical-religious garb episode, but in 1953 a single man was right and the consensus, with few exceptions, was against him.

The trend today is toward the weakening of authority in the church. How it will end depends on how the people in authority react to the trend in the years ahead. If they resist too rigidly, the prospect is that, for most

of us, authority will ultimately be disintegrated. If they accept the trend (trying, at the same time, to influence its course), authority will begin to be more widely shared. And that is probably the most that we can hope for—a conglomeration of individual weaknesses, individual blind spots, rather than those of a single man, giving a somewhat different, less distinct flavor to the ecclesiastical blunders of the future

The net result a generation from now, I suspect, will be Catholic dioceses and parishes much like the lay-dominated Protestant structures. At its best, this can supply inspiring examples of Christian community action, but all too often we will see comfortable committees (like the comfortable pastors of today) conducting business as usual and ignoring real problems. Occasionally, there will be episodes in which a pastor—the Berrigan or Groppi of tomorrow—is thrown out by his council because he is a troublemaker.

It will be, for the most part, less dramatic than the choice episodes from our dying age of clerical autocracy. But will it be better?

I suspect that, if I am still around in the coming age of blandness, I will sometimes look back on the days of McIntyre, Spellman, O'Boyle, Waters and Lucey with a touch of nostalgia—not for the moral or sociological values of our system but for its show-business values.

THE VIETNAM VET

MURRAY POLNER

His resentment is genuine. The war was a class war, with the burden of responsibility placed directly on the sons of the working and lower-middle classes.

Last spring, on the day that 5,000 angry Vietnam veterans began their week-long Washington vigil of protest against the war, a relative called me, furious and shocked. He was a World War II veteran and had served in North Africa and Italy. They were unrepresentative, he insisted, bad apples. And then he calmed himself and came to the point. Why were they so different from him and his buddies?

It was a fair question and one that is not easily answered. The Veterans Administration, which has borne the brunt of much serious criticism of late, often pretends otherwise. Things are fine, they tell everyone, the overwhelming number of the veterans getting by nicely, fathering children, studying, or working. "Look at any statistics and you'll see 99 percent of the Vietnam era

veterans are decent, normal men." And indeed, the overall figures tend to substantiate his claim. Some half million have enrolled in veterans organizations. More than one million are at work and nearly 2,000,000 have returned to school.

But as with most statistical interpretations, the conclusions drawn reveal only a part of the truth. VA claims are always based on the "Vietnam era," a time frame which includes some two million men who never set foot in southeast Asia nor wielded anything more desperate than an electric typewriter. Their figures say little about those returning men who cannot afford to return to school (a married vet with one child gets \$230 monthly for full-time study; from this he must pay tuition and books as well as room and board.), cannot find work with a future, and about that small but growing group who feel a sense of depression and alienation for having been forced to engage in a war few of them think was worth the effort.

MURRAY POLNER is the author of *No Victory Parades: The Return of the Vietnam Veterans* (Holt, Rinehart) and the forthcoming *A Debate on Amnesty for Exiles* (Doubleday Anchor).

To explain away the discontented vet may be a new version of the old newspaper saw of how only man-bites-dog is worth a headline. The real news was not that 5,000 ex-GIs marched in the streets of the nation's capital or that they "represented" but an infinitesimal proportion of the newer veterans. The point was that for the first time in our nation's history, men who had loyally served their country on its battlefields came to stand against their government's foreign policies while that very war was still on. And for the first time a sizable and growing, if still undetermined, number of veterans had expressed fury at what they were ordered to do. Even more disturbing perhaps is that all available current evidence indicates that tens of thousands of Vietnam veterans are not adjusting easily, cannot settle down and continue to express unparalleled bitterness and suspicion of their government and political leaders, dove, hawk and the indifferent.

"I have no interest and no goal and no future. They burned up and died somewhere," says a small-town Ohio former combat medic. "We are being physically and morally corrupted," writes an army captain on active duty. "Any other war would have been worth my foot," says a crippled ex-marine to me, "but not this one. One day, someone has to explain to me why I was there." Their ranks are growing.

Still, there is a tentative answer to my relative's question: they seem different from America's past veterans. It is clear at this time to all who have studied them that the newer vets are distinct from say, World War II's generation. VA studies, hospital documentation, Senator Cranston's (Dem.-Calif.) significant 1970 subcommittee hearings on the veteran as well as independent observation and research for a book I wrote confirm this judgment. This veteran is far more suspicious of authority and quite willing to question and challenge it. This veteran is a product of the youth subculture and all of its implications, such as "a sense of uncertainty and lack of optimism about life." Just a year ago, the VA's Chief Medical Director sent a letter out to VA personnel throughout the nation, asking for their descriptions of the new veterans. They reported, among other conclusions, that

Three out of every five young veterans interviewed . . . were embittered, unsettled, generally distrustful.

VN combat veterans tend to see their experiences as an exercise in survival rather than a defense of national values.

The disaffected vets have still other problems now that they are home. Nonwhites—black, Chicano, Indian and Puerto Rican, together with poor whites—have been doubly punished by the recession and resulting unemployment. And many vets resent the stay-at-homes, such as the "Support Our Boys" people, who rarely sent their sons off to Vietnam's paddies as riflemen, and

the doves, who too often castigated them as lesser versions of Calley.

Their resentment is genuine. The war was a class war, sold in the name of national security but one that placed the burden of responsibility directly on the sons of the working and lower middle classes. Calley's platoon was comprised largely of elementary-school drop-outs, cannon fodder in this war. Charles Moskos, Jr., a Northwestern University sociologist who lived with grunts in 1965 and again in 1967 noted that "his" platoon was comprised of 34 men: none were college graduates, 12 had held blue collar jobs and only 18 had even worked before the service. Eight were black, one a Navajo, another from Guam, 3 Chicano and Puerto Rican and the remainder white.

Contrast this with the findings of *Congressional Quarterly* in the spring of 1970. Since 1965, 118 sons of members of the House and Senate received draft deferments out of a total of 235 eligible for the draft. Of these, 48 served in the armed forces, but not in Vietnam. And of these only one was wounded and none was killed. Not a single member of the super-hawkish House Armed Services Committee had a son or a grandson in Vietnam.

Many of the discontented vets have also retained complicated forms of guilt, associated with death encounters—guilt because they survived and their buddies did not, guilt for having killed other human beings, guilt for having joined in or at least witnessed the destruction of an enemy they never hated, guilt for having watched Vietnamese noncombatants die. There is always guilt in battle but it is particularly unbearable when few know why the battle is being fought.

From all of this there may be emerging a "new" and equally representative veteran, "turned off" and quite apart from the majority, an as yet small but still growing minority in and out of service who suffer from what some doctors and psychiatrists are now calling PVS, the Post-Vietnam Syndrome. Hardly a definitive diagnostic category, PVS is instead a malaise of intangibles not detected in past American wars: moral corruption, estrangement, guilt; having been made to serve by a country that shows little concern for them; being held morally responsible in an amoral whirlwind.

"He cannot forget," says Dr. Chaim Shatan, a psychoanalyst at New York University's Postdoctoral Clinic, who has been working with such veterans. The men, says Shatan, live through their experiences "forever" and "often find inner peace only through creating a 'dead place' in themselves—a file where memories live on divorced from their unending emotional impact."

The cost is heavy. Alienation from their feelings and from other people and an agonizing doubt about their continued ability to love others. Said one veteran: "I hope I can learn to love as much as I hated—and I sure hated, man. Love's a pretty heavy word."

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Can anything be done? The answer is yes. But you do not help a different kind of veteran the same old way. These men and the people who have worked with them have a good deal to say about how they ought to be treated. Most of it is already in the records of the Crans-ton hearings. If the VA really wants to reach out to these men, they need only implement many of the crucial recommendations.

RAMPANT RABE



THE STAGE

David Rabe is plainly a phenomenon. At a time peculiarly uncongenial to playwrights, a moment which seems hypnotized by the *now-ness* of things, he turns up at Joseph Papp's Public Theater with new versions of two plays which date in their original form from those years (1967-1968) when, fresh from Vietnam, he was a student at Villanova. He is the most successful serious playwright to turn up in the American theater in recent years. His first play, *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, has now been running for more than a year and has picked up a handful of awards during that time; it was joined by *Sticks and Bones* last November, at which time Rabe became the first playwright to have two plays running simultaneously at Papp's theatrical supermarket down on Lafayette Street. By the time this review gets into print, *Sticks and Bones* will have moved uptown to Broadway, to the Golden Theatre, where I suspect that it will be less at home on the proscenium stage and where I hope it finds the wider audience it deserves.

I have just now got around to seeing the Rabe plays, and I confess that it was the phenomenology of the whole thing that finally lured me into the theater. I spent all these months avoiding *Pavlo Hummel*, not because I was afraid that I might be shocked or disturbed by the subject of the play (all the ghastly secrets of Vietnam are now public knowledge), but because I suspected that I would be disappointed, a suspicion that was confirmed when the play was published last November in *Scripts 1*. I was right. There are interesting things in *Pavlo Hummel*. The title character is a mixture of two pacifist stereotypes. He is the clown, the foulup, the yardbird, that victim-hero who has been confounding the army at least since Falstaff mustered his band of misfits in *Henry IV, Part II*. It is this side of Pavlo that is most obvious as Bob Balaban plays him, but he is also the sacrificial innocent of the sentimental anti-war play, a brother to that boy in *Summertime*. We pick up our patsy hero at the moment of his death (killed in a whorehouse brawl by an angry fellow soldier) and, led by a black angel-ghost-mr. interlocutor, we follow Pavlo through

basic training. Naive to the point of simplemindedness, Pavlo continues to expect, against all the evidence of his senses, that he will be recognized as handsome and brave, but as he moves from pratfalls to death, it becomes clear that his ghostly leader is training him to recognize that "It all shit!" Too late, of course, for the coffin lid closes on him. The character is a fascinating conception, but too dumb in fact to operate effectively outside comedy, and the rest of the play—the omnipresent army drill, the barracks clichés, the relentless message—is as tedious as it is well-intentioned.

Sticks and Bones, like *Pavlo Hummel*, is on familiar ground—this time the home front—and it, too, tends to ride its points insistently, to explain a little more than necessary, to call up echoes of other plays. Yet nothing in *Pavlo Hummel* prepared me for the dramatic intensity of *Sticks and Bones*. It has been a long time since I sat in an audience so moved and horrified by what went on in front of them. It was a stage trick that put the cap on the audience's distress, a wrist-cutting which, in the intimacy of the small theater, was so much more real than all the blood that flooded the screen in *The Wild Bunch*. It was not a trick that would have worked, however, if the play—below the surface, at least—had not been driving toward that final, inevitable suicide. Nor would it have been so effective—all those lowered eyes, turned heads, involuntary attempts not to look—had the play not been about the peculiarly American habit of refusing to see, to hear, to admit the ugly and the painful.

Sticks and Bones may be for the early 1970s what *All My Sons* was for the late 1940s—a play which, for all its imperfections, speaks directly and movingly to its own time. Rabe's play like Arthur Miller's, tells the story of a young man home from the wars, come to cleanse the imperfections in his family and in the society which they represent. Yet, it is the differences between the two plays that explain the immediacy of *Sticks and Bones*. Miller's hero returns from a just war and brings with him a sense of brotherhood, of idealism intact; Rabe's hero comes back from a pointless and cruel war, half hoping that he can make his family look below the surface of their lives, and there is a touch of malevolence in the role he assumes. Miller's hero returns a whole man and finds the love of an understanding woman; Rabe's hero comes back blinded, having left behind the Vietnamese woman who taught him, in love, about the humanity of the others, those different from ourselves. Miller's hero sacrifices his father, in pain, for the hope of a better, cleaner world; Rabe's hero is sacrificed by his family to escape the pain of questioning the artificiality on which they thrive.

Add that Miller's play is Ibsenite realism and that Rabe's is satiric, symbolic, poetic, an amalgam of most of the less excitable nonrealistic forms going around. Rabe's hero's name is David and he comes home to a family in which the father is Ozzie; the mother, Harriet;

the younger brother, Rick. Drop an embittered blind veteran into the center of a television situation comedy and you have an ironic idea of some force but one not likely to hold up in the long run. Rabe's psychologically oriented priest (he carries a copy of *Psychology Today*) is that kind of serious joke, effective for as long as he is on stage partly because his stay is so limited. The playwright manages to escape the dangers implicit in the reference to *Ozzie and Harriet*, by showing the members of the family infected in varying degrees by David and by the unacknowledged imaginary presence of the yellow girl he left behind (that character is a bit too "Happy Talk" for me even though she is mute and Rabe is making conscientious use of her in the thematic substance of the play). Rick is completely false, the perfect bouncing teenager, ever grinning, always hungry, constantly racing away from any sentence which might contain real words. Harriet is caught between Rick and David, the smiling provider when Rick is around, exuding the kind of warmth that sells cake mixes and furniture polish; the troubled woman in David's presence, afraid of the claim he seems to be making on her. Ozzie can occasionally crank up the required dimwitted gesture, but he is plainly out of control because the fact of David brings up all his hidden doubts about his home, his family, his sense of self. Rabe is using the obvious fakery of television to question the reality of middle-class America, the behavioral empty shell that leads not simply to high Nielsen ratings but to Mylai. It is fitting that it is Rick, his gee-whiz manner firmly in control, who provides the occasion and the razor that gets rid of David and makes it possible for the family to climb back up on that television screen.

GERALD WEALES

FILMS OF A FEATHER



THE SCREEN

In *X, Y, & Zee* Elizabeth Taylor runs the whole gamut of emotions from Y to Z. But since these emotions are all she is ever asked to enact nowadays, she alone cannot be blamed. The fault also belongs to Edna O'Brien, the script-writer on *X, Y, & Zee*. She has also limited herself, it seems, to a fixed set of emotions. Her only other script that I am aware of is *3 into 2 Won't Go*, which was made a few years ago with Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom and Judy Geeson. That film was about a wayward young girl who ruins a lover's marriage out of sheer perversity. This new film is about a wayward old girl who holds together her own marriage out of the same motive.

The title this time suggests that Miss O'Brien has tried to complicate and generalize her vision of life—to move

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from simple arithmetic to algebra. But her writing is still restricted to proven formulas. As the title indicates, Miss Taylor's co-stars, Michael Caine and Susannah York, are just some unknown variables in the equation. Only "Zee," as Miss Taylor is actually called in the film, is a problem that wants solving here. The film seems designed and directed by Brian Hutton primarily as a vehicle for Miss Taylor. But since she is as cumbersome as ever, it would take a much bigger vehicle than this to transport her.

Otto Preminger's *Such Good Friends* has as a main-spring of its plot a gimmick that also figured in *3 into 2 Won't Go*: someone's personal journal of promiscuity. This notebook belongs to Richard Messenger (Lawrence Luckinbill), a hip New York editor; but his wife Julie (Dyan Cannon) finds it while he is in the hospital dying of a mole removal. Although she doesn't understand what the notebook is at first, she and Richard have such gooeey friends that they're soon spelling it all out for her, just to comfort her in her hour of need. While Richard malingers near death, the gossip and indiscretions of other people bring him alive for Julie for the first time since their marriage.

Like John Huston, Preminger is by nature a producer rather than a director. What success he has comes to

him because he knows who his audience is and what it's in the mood for. This year cynicism is in, especially the cynicism of Preminger's audience about itself. Never beneath catering to his public's vanities (despite his pose of insolence), Preminger this year offers his fans a looking glass. The script for this film isn't as shoddy as some Preminger has attempted in the past, perhaps because of its origins in the Lois Gould novel, but more probably because of the Esther Dale adaptation. Esther Dale is a pseudonym for Elaine May. Be May as May may, however, the script is still a loser.

Generically, *Such Good Friends* seems intended as a sex comedy, but the sex and the comedy seldom get together. If the reason for this did not already lie in the script and the direction, it might lie in the casting. Dyan Cannon can't play sex comedy because she apparently doesn't think sex is funny. There is a brief moment in this film when we glimpse a snapshot of Julie completely nude. Unwilling to go that far, but also unwilling, it would seem, to stand up to Preminger, Miss Cannon insisted that the snapshot contain her head on top of some stand-in's body. Her whole approach to the role of Julie reflects a similar compromise with her psyche. Under Preminger's direction, *Such Good Friends* comes off as a diary of a had housewife. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.



BOOKS

The biggest bust of all: the prisons

An Eye for an Eye

H. JACK GRISWOLD,
MIKE MISENHEIMER,
ART POWERS
and ED TROMANHAUSER

Pocket Books, .95

Inside: Prison American Style

ROBERT J. MINTON, JR., Edit.

Random House, \$7.95

Conversations With the Dead

DANNY LYON
Holt, Rinehart, \$14.95

STU COHEN

Once again, the American people are concerned about prisons. Once again, the state of our penal institutions has

intruded itself upon the American dream. It wasn't exactly unexpected; it happens every few years. In the fifties, a wave of riots and assorted property damage sparked interest and in the sixties, the grisly murders in Arkansas did the job. Not terribly long ago, revelations of overcrowding, poor sanitary facilities, and extraordinary numbers of as yet untried detainees provoked some discussion. Then, with the customary speed of modern life, the prisons became outwardly quiet, the concern melted away and the correctional system blended back into the bureaucratic woodwork.

Will it be different this time? Perhaps George Jackson will move more people in death than he was able to when alive. Perhaps the memory of the Attica bodies, each with its little identifying toe-tag, will maintain a high level

of concern and goad people into action. Of course, none of this may be to the point at all. Death may have lost its potential to enrage, no matter what the scale. It could be instead that the monumental inefficiency of the whole thing will finally become etched in the public mind; evidenced by the bungling stupidity of a system that could neither live with a George Jackson nor dispose of him efficiently; or the insane rigidity of a system that could only choose mass murder because other alternatives were too complicated. These are part and parcel of a correctional system whose only proven ability is that of turning many inept first offenders into more highly skilled professionals; whose most impressive statistic is a high return rate.

If it is different this time, if faddish "concern" translates into a powerful

movement for penal reform, much credit will be due the men whose work appears in these three volumes. These and many others, inmates and outsiders alike, are engaged in a massive campaign to force the reality of life inside upon a public that has frequently demonstrated its capacity to forget.

H. Jack Griswold and Ed Tromanhauser are on parole today. Art Powers and Mike Misenheimer are still inmates of the Indiana State Prison. These four men were the staff of ISP's inmate newspaper, *The Lake Shore Outlook* (now defunct out of administrative revenge). In order to reach the outside, to "verbally kick the affluent cushions from beneath the sleeping public," they put together the volume of essays, profiles, and sketches called *An Eye for an Eye*. The title refers, not to the system of justice that sends men to prison, but to the bitterness and hatred planted in many men by the system of injustice within the prisons. The thesis is a simple one: the vast majority of inmates at some point return to the streets and, therefore, society does itself no favor with the system it has created for "correcting" these men.

An Eye for an Eye contains 22 chapters. Moving from "First Day" to "Last Day," each chapter takes up a different area of prison life. Included are chapters which deal with education, sports, art and writing in prison, religion, sex, medical facilities, prison administration, and many other topics. The individual pieces vary a good deal in terms of quality; however, each is quite readable and they all contribute to the overriding point. As Ed Tromanhauser points out to the young inmate with a freshly granted parole in "The Ex-Con":

Those that have come through here and never come back, they did it in spite of the system, not because of it . . . The nation's prisons aren't doing any kind of a job. They're a big bust. Any other institution, public or private, that had as great a record of continuous failure, decade after decade, hell, it wouldn't have lasted out one year. Too many people just don't give a damn (225).

The best chapter, although a bit obvious and not at all the best written, is

"Are We Communicating?" by Art Powers. It contains a group of letters written by "Son" and "Mother and Dad" over a three-year period. Through this medium Powers weaves the disintegration of personal and family relationships that frequently accompanies imprisonment. The outside, a world he is powerless to influence or intervene in, begins to lose its reality for the son. At the same time, his parents are unable to deal meaningfully with the very foreign world inside. They become little more than the platitudes they mouth mechanically. More and more, the son becomes enmeshed in the system of the prison—"Do your own time," "Get into a program," "Show the committee signs of self-improvement," "Maybe you'll get your parole." As the decisions against him become more predictable the bitterness begins to mount. Finally, he is released; but the last letter tells us that he has been returned on a parole violation. I said before that Powers' little story was a bit obvious. That's only because we've heard it so many times before. It is as if the author is saying, "the story looks hackneyed, doesn't it? Well, that's because it is true so often and when are you going to wake up and realize it?"

An Eye for an Eye tells the reader many of the things he's heard before (and many that he's not). It tells them in a forceful and insistent manner. Those facts can be an important weapon, if they are remembered and used.

Inside: Prison American Style is a collection of inmate writing from the California prison system edited by Robert Minton, Jr., a professor who has taught university level courses in several prisons.

Inside contains a wide variety of material by many different authors. There are essays, sketches, stories, poems, and over one-third of the volume is devoted to "A Convict Report on the Major Grievances of the Prison Population with Suggested Solutions." This report was drafted by a group of inmates at San Quentin during the 13 months from January, 1968, to February, 1969, and was ultimately presented

to the State Assembly Criminal Procedures Committee. In it are discussed many of the worst inequities of the California correctional system, long touted as the most progressive and treatment-oriented in the nation. The document is a well-thought-out and measured response to a truly intolerable set of practices—a few of which have been changed, we hasten to add, since the filing of this report.

Much of this book, like the previous one, is broken down by different areas of prison life. Although *Inside* is less complete in this respect than *An Eye for an Eye*, there is a greater emphasis on conveying the feelings and emotions of being a prisoner. This is possible both because of the large number of individual contributors and the high quality of their work. Particularly notable are Walter Burckhard's "Tentative Description of Home," a minute description of his 4' x 11' world, "A Cry Never Hurt," by Cary Johanneson, "The Pre-Board Hearing," by Jack Sloan, "The Shadows Crawl Like Snails," also by Burckhard, and the whole section dealing with racism. Juxtaposed to these and complementing them, are a liberal number of official pronouncements and policy statements.

Taken together, *Inside* and *An Eye for an Eye* tell a great deal about what prison is like and much about what it is not like, public delusion notwithstanding. I say "taken together" because they should both be read (along with a great many other books) by anyone who cares about inmates, or about their own societal self-interest.



REVIEWERS

STU COHEN is a member of the staff of the Center for Criminal Justice at Boston University and a free-lance photographer.

FATHER GEORGE MACRAE, S.J., is a member of the faculty of the School of Theology at Weston College in Massachusetts.

ED MARCINIAK, deputy commissioner in the Department of Development and Planning and former director of the Commission on Human Relations in Chicago, is author of *Tomorrow's Christian*.

MARGARET WIMSATT lives in New Haven, Connecticut.

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If there is a single major weakness inherent in both volumes, it is their complete (with a single short exception in the Minton book) failure to deal with women's institutions. This is somewhat more understandable in *An Eye for an Eye*, in which four male inmates write from their experiences. However, in a volume that purports to be about "prison American style" it is a serious omission.

In 1967 Danny Lyon was given permission to make a photographic study of the Texas state prison system. He spent fourteen months in a variety of different institutions, six in all. The institutions, some farms and some regular walled prisons, varied a great deal. Lyon says that he would have preferred to have made all of the photographs in Ellis, the worst of the institutions, but his own endurance prevented him from doing so. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, he has achieved his purpose, possibly in a more credible manner. He is also quick to point out, rightly, that a similar study could have been made in any of our state prison systems.

Photographically, *Conversations with the Dead* is magnificent. It is Danny Lyon's best work to date and many of the images could well become classics. "The Line" (38) and "The Line" (47) are beautifully realized photographs, graphically superb. "Shakedown" (116) is a real and symbolic image of human degradation and "Schizophrenic Inmate" (175) is one of Lyon's most intense portraits. In a tightly conceived print on page 53, a line of inmates returns from the field at a run while their "bosses" stand near their mounts and a brace of pistols hangs overhead; a vision of the power relationships of the prison.

The printing is rather uneven throughout the volume, although a majority of the photographs are reasonably well printed. Textually, however, the book is rather a mess. A number of reports and records dealing with individual inmates have been thrown in to give more of a sense of what prison is about. It is done poorly, with the texts set adrift at random places. Somewhat

more effective is the last section of the book, which contains some drawings, letters, and writings by Billy McCune. McCune is an inmate with whom Lyon has become good friends, encouraging him in his art and arranging for some joint exhibits. The McCune section works because it is given a chance to do so, unlike the other textual material.

Danny Lyon's *Conversations with the Dead* is a valuable contribution to published material about prisons, especially if it is read in conjunction with some of the writings of individual inmates in the books discussed above. One shouldn't make the mistake of thinking that after reading the Lyon's book, one knows about prisons, or even some prisons. Danny Lyon has conveyed most of the things that a still camera has the power to tell us. However, some of the most important elements in prison life, *time* in particular, cannot be recorded in this form. If you would begin to understand what time means in a prison, think about the commonly heard complaint that one never has *enough* time to do things. Compare that, if you will, with the idea that one can have *far too much* time and not very much with which to fill it while feeling it drag painfully by. That is part of the reality that *An Eye for an Eye* and *Inside: Prison American Style* can add to Danny Lyon's powerful vision.

What Difference Does Jesus Make?

F. J. SHEED

Sheed & Ward, \$6.00

The Jesus Myth

ANDREW M. GREELEY

Doubleday, \$5.95

GEORGE MacRAE

It might seem editorial puckishness, if not perversity, to consign to a single review books by Frank Sheed and Andrew Greeley. But they do deserve to be treated together, not only because they are both ostensibly Jesus books, nor even only because they are

both disappointing books. In fact they confront the reader with two aspects of a single dilemma—that of relating Jesus to the modern world. Sheed has a good sense of the scandal of Jesus in the eyes of the modern world; but his answer comes down to stopping the clock of culture, of theology, even of history. Greeley has a good sense of the modern mind as a prism through which we must try to see new refractions of the Jesus of history, but his assessment stops short of clarity and consistency—and even of the hope he is eager to transmit.

Both books are a peculiar—but by no means illegitimate—combination of reflections on the life of Jesus and on the contemporary religious scene. Both refer frequently to the Scripture scholars: for Sheed they are "the critics," to be combated with the weapons of an apologetic that flourished two or three generations ago; for Greeley they are to be read, referred to, even respected, but ultimately not followed all the way. Both authors are at home on the platform, though the style of Hyde Park Corner is not that of the University of Chicago; and they delight in citing examples from the questions fired by their auditors. Both are ill at ease with modern youth—one somewhat patronizingly, the other almost obsessively. Both are inclined too readily to assume bad faith in anyone who may hold a different position.

For a reader brought up to admire Frank Sheed as a valiant warrior confronting the enemies of the faith, the present book is embarrassing to read. Nothing has changed. The struggle is still that of "the plain man" against "the critics"; scholarship is still inherently suspect. Our understanding of the Gospels remains intact and unaltered in the face of form-criticism and other methods of interpretation. Problems such as that of the "Christ of Faith" and the "Christ of History" (*sic*) can be dismissed handily if they are sufficiently oversimplified and even caricatured. No doubt there are readers for whom all this is helpful, whose faith (I hope not whose resentments) will be strengthened

by such a book. But it is not for everyone.

The Jesus Myth is very different indeed. But it requires a considerable effort to get into a book that begins with a sentence like this: "This is a book about the Founder of our firm, one Jesus of Nazareth." As a sample, however this is happily not typical. The author's attempt to purge the term "myth" of the unfortunate misunderstandings it has attracted in writing about Jesus is welcome. Also, his honest attempt to mediate the fruits of contemporary biblical scholarship—for he has consulted and often cites some excellent modern scholars. He comes to grips with the problem of the influence of modern Gospel scholarship on contemporary faith and Christian attitudes, and this is welcome too. There are even some eloquent pages that summon the modern Christian to new faith and hope.

Why then do I find the book disappointing? In part it is because of the frequent polemics against the naive idealism of the young and the moralizing "applications" of valid insights into the Gospels. Some of these are perceptive; but some of them are bathos. In part, also, my disappointment is rooted in the book's failure to follow through consistently the insights of modern biblical scholarship. This doesn't mean we should accept everything the exegetes tell us; that would require a very versatile mind indeed. But one must be willing to live with the consequences of what he does accept. For example, if one is to take seriously the results of form-criticism and redaction-criticism as Fr. Greeley claims to—that is, to allow that the Jesus tradition is mediated to us by the faith of the early Christian communities and the theology of the Evangelists—then one cannot build a moral system or even a single specific moral absolute on a declaration or a prohibition of Jesus. In the matter of divorce, for example, one is no more justified in appealing to the absolute prohibition in Mark than to the qualified one in Matthew. The responsibility for determining a specific Christian morality rests in the Christian

community, as it always did. Even if one can establish, within the limitations of historical and literary analysis, which sayings of Jesus have the greater claim to authenticity, it is not the historical utterances thus discovered which form the normative basis of contemporary piety, morality or faith. Jesus still needs to be interpreted by faith, and the process never stops.

In summary, I share the conviction of both authors that there are things wrong with the modern world, and I share the faith of both that proper attitudes toward Jesus could do something to change them. But I don't agree that scoring debating points will help, nor that either polemics or complaint is constructive, nor indeed that anything short of a Christian theology that looks intelligently at its sources, critically at its formulations, and courageously at its own presuppositions will furnish an adequate basis for modern faith.

Alienation and Economics

WALTER A. WEISSKOPF

Dutton, \$7.95

ED MARCINIAK

Who owns the right to exploit the land? During the westward expansion of the U.S., that right was fiercely contested by settlers who pushed out Indians, by cattlemen who feuded with railroaders. A century later, urbanization creates new heroes and villains, but the issue remains unchanged. Now the collision is between power plants and ecologists, between developers of suburban shopping centers and Sierra Clubs. By 1980, three million more acres of U.S. farm land will disappear under the subdivider's bulldozer. Where will it end?

The issue, of course is worldwide. In Paris, despite the opposition of residents, a seven-mile superhighway will soon rip through the Left Bank of the Seine. In contrast, Florence last year turned down a proposal by a large U.S. corporation to build a high-rise hotel atop a hill overlooking this citadel of the Medicis. Britain agonizes over

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the location of a third London airport, trying to determine which site would be least destructive. Commercial development again threatens not only the Big Cypress Swamp in Florida, but also the rain forests of the upper Amazon.

Economic growth and business development are being contested more and more. To slow down the in-migration of industry and the accompanying population, Florida legislators last year rebelled and wiped out the entire budget of the state's Commerce Department. A short time later a state-wide conference on water resources urged the governor of the state to reject the philosophy that unlimited growth was good. In Boulder, Colorado, (pop. 65,000) last year November residents approved a ban on any buildings higher than 55 feet, while defeating a proposal to limit the city's size to 100,000 people. Not to be outdone, the American Society of Planning Officials will shortly issue a report on "Planning Strategies for Non-Growth."

Campaigns against noisy jetports and tawdry commercial strips have resulted in a fascinating assortment of allies: conservationists, college activists, defenders of the status quo, crusading suburbanites, leaders of community organizations, property owners, and sundry prophets of doom. Unexpectedly, the rainbow coalition recently found support from an unlikely source: economists who are losing their faith in the god of growth. Going beyond protests of projects that uglify the countryside, they also challenge the widespread worship of the Gross National Product, rejecting it as a symbol of national well-being.

A small, highly articulate group of economic theorists zealously debunk the conventional view that economic growth signals progress. They include such men as Ezra Joshua Mishan of the London School of Economics, John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard, Kenneth E. Boulding of Colorado, and Walter A. Weisskopf of Roosevelt. In *Alienation and Economics*, Professor Weisskopf perceptively traces today's alienation to the pretense that economics is value-free (he prefers "value-

empty") when in fact it is streaked with incompatible values; to technology's suppression of "critical reason," which preoccupies itself with ends, for "technical reason," which focuses on means; and to the notion that economics is simply a matter of supply and demand, profit and loss.

The real economic problem, Weisskopf argues, "is indeed created by scarcity: not the 'economic' scarcity of factors of production like natural resources, labor and capital, or the goods and services produced for sale to others; but the existential scarcity of the penultimate resources of life, time and energy. . . . These non-economic needs which cannot be satisfied by more production for the market are the real costs of economic growth and of the striving for more and more goods and services. A society which allocates most of the activity of its members to the production of goods will prevent the fulfillment of their needs and aspirations. The members of such a society will consider non-market activities as inferior, less important aspects of life. Parents, peer groups, authorities and educational media instill the idea that whatever has no market value has hardly any value at all."

For Weisskopf and his allies, economic progress is a statistical fallacy. Not everything is quantifiable. All the costs are not included in the accounting. The market price of an auto, for example, may accurately represent the labor, capital and materials used in production, but what about the external "costs" of noise, air pollution, choking traffic, pedestrian hazards, and the depletion of scarce resources? Weisskopf is trying to steer the attention of professional economists away from their unrelenting pursuit of technological efficiency to the threat to the quality of human life that comes from the reckless ransacking of human and natural resources.

What is so newsworthy about all of this? Have we not heard it before? Not quite. The warnings now come from inside the economists' establishment, speak to fellow economists, and turn their own best arguments against them.

To fling his challenge Weisskopf stands firmly on the economist's own turf. *Alienation and Economics* is not another eloquent political tract along the lines of Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*; it is a book, by an economist for economists, that makes effective use of the tools of the trade to hack away at what Weisskopf calls "GNP fetishism." The targets of his criticism are not solely the engineers of Western capitalism. The spokesmen for the economics profession in Peking, Bonn, London, and Moscow all stand solidly together on behalf of steady economic growth. Nationalization and communism, he says, are "gadgets," just "different ways of organizing the GNP fetish, progress through growth. We need new ways of thinking and an economic system that is not value-empty."

But Weisskopf doesn't go far enough. He is at his best in the role of building inspector, critiquing the present foundations of economic thought. In a final chapter he tries to show how "multi-dimensionality and the balance of life" will offset the one-sided life style of the economic and technological man. But his suggestions are so general that they almost seem naive or edging on the obvious:

"A new philosophy of human well-being will have to acknowledge that a person, a family, a group or nation can have too much wealth and income and may suffer from too much change, economic growth, and production. It may consider that the way in which wealth is produced, distributed and consumed can, in itself, lead to a destructive way of life. We shall have to develop a new discipline of human well-being which will teach people when to work and when and how to rest; when it will be wise to refrain from getting more even if one car 'afford' it; and how to resist the temptations of modern mass production, consumption and salesmanship should physical and mental health require it."

A good many Americans are ready to tune in economists, social philosophers, or religious prophets who, by word and deed, present a life style which would reconcile contradictions

It would, in the case of the auto, strike a balance between individual welfare (convenience, mobility, personal security, and family comfort) and the collective "illfare" (pollution, congestion, human exploitation, waste, and hazardous highways). It would balance off the trillion dollars worth of new building projected for the U.S. in the 1970's against worldwide poverty and rising expectations. Finally, the life style would balance what this generation should construct and conserve with what the future generation will need for a richly human life.

If the mood of the remaining decades of the twentieth century reflects, in fact, a pervasive disillusionment with technological, economic and scientific values and an openness to re-examine classical and religious traditions in order to fashion a new life style, *Alienation and Economics* is an unmistakable sign of that trend.

Figure and Field

JEAN FARLEY

U. of North Carolina Press, \$3.75

Eggs

FANNY HOWE

Houghton Mifflin, \$4

The Mortgaged Wife

BARBARA HARR

Swallow Press, \$5

Some Deaths in the Delta

ROSELLEN BROWN

U. of Massachusetts Press, \$4

Procedures for

Underground

MARGARET ATWOOD

Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.75

MARGARET WIMSATT

While the battle over sexual equality goes furiously on, and lions and lionesses trade blows under the spotlights, those of us who always did care about the humanity of both sexes can take comfort in the publishers' poetry lists. Women nowadays write poetry.

They are no longer referred to as poetesses (though they may be praised in masculine clichés: "The quick bright mind of Fanny Howe . . ."). Marianne Moore is known beyond the band of the *literati* (it helps to like baseball), and women of authentic voice, Elizabeth Bishop and Mona Van Duyn, win their awards. And no doubt totally unknown women are contributing their fair share to the loads on poetry editors' desks, those overflowing baskets where genius may lie hid for months at a time.

In between stands a generation of productive young women now finding their styles, with enough publication to give them confidence, and plenty of time ahead. Of the five under consideration here, Jean Farley is the most traditional. As teacher, wife, and mother, she appears to live comfortably in her own skin. She has found time to publish poems, and now to collect them. She sees the country things we value the more as they disappear, the geese in the fog above, the frog cold beneath. In her headlights: "Cat's eyes appear and then the cat/ Calico crouched by the roadside ditch. . ." She has her diurnal worries: "Drive on, drive on, my life is running late . . .", her motherly worries: "A little girl without skill would make/ No noise of drowning. . ." But her mind is not bounded by her kitchen or garden walls; it ranges over Canaan and Greece, and into the terrors television brings home. In "Gadfly" she compares the people under the wings of jets, whether in Saigon or the Shenandoah Valley: "Hicks, hicks, the rubbish of power." She is not worrying about equality, being otherwise occupied.

Fanny Howe keeps her cool too, but her tone is considerably more wry. Her book is a pleasure to read, because she seems to be having fun. ". . . I want/ to stay:—a child/ with you. . ." She manages to be Persephone, Leda, Europa, a gypsy girl in jail, and still to crack a joke. Poetry as good as this is of course the product of discipline, but here its rigors don't show. Her pages image the shape of her mind,

as in these lines, the last in the book:

It's too late to tell you
my name:—
not Goody Two Shoes
in moccasins

Pocahontas or anyone's
spy
just one of
the girls:—
normal in the extreme.

Barbara Harr is not cool at all, and not happy, at least on the page; she carries her burdens, human and fe-

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[For New Subscribers Only]

male, with pomp and circumstantiality. She is educated, and lets us know. She sees with print-weary eyes horrendous things: dead men surfacing in Manila Bay, vultures devouring the dead but uncalved cow, all the grubs cut in half by the mole's tunneling, "... beggars and others, poor in love." The manner is descriptive and narrative. She is not a metaphoric poet; she sees her hells by entering them, and reports her sadness at what she finds. The snakes St. Patrick drove from Ireland have come to roost on her bedroom walls. Much of this is confessional poetry, what poets write as self-therapy. When she works off some hang-ups, she will be strong. At the moment for her "Ink runs thinner than truth."

Rosellen Brown's book might have been subtitled, is certainly about, "The Impact of the Deep South on a Nice Barnard Girl." She and her husband worked for civil rights in the sixties and taught at Tougaloo College, and much of this book reflects the experience. Hog-sticking is a bloody business, Jackson a fearsome place. She manages to record sensations without slipping over into either condescension or sentimentality. Her lines can sound like this:

The children who live see clear
through the dark.

They hear what silence hears,
and search at ease with their hands.

In the shortest season,
lavender flowers gape from porches,
singing out of the grave.

But sometimes they are flat: "He is a black general now—/ never planned to join up but/ got drafted/ because things rolled the way they did," is perfectly nice colloquial prose. And sometimes her sympathy overrules her judgment, as when she prints out as poetry a freshman essay by one of her (obviously bright and sensitive) Tougaloo students. (This is the socio-fallacy: that we must admire these verses because their source is so remarkable. It rears its ugly head all over the place these days.) But wherever she is, in Jackson, back home in Brooklyn, or reading a poem about

the Bedouin, she is a recording instrument of great depth and sensitivity.

The inheritance is yours.

I will study to be an orphan.

Orphans we are, all of us, in the secular city. Poets are born to speak our pain, perhaps by pity and terror to lighten it, at the least to light it up. They compel us to see their world their way. Margaret Atwood's particular world is hard to describe. Read it, and come too, with all your *personae*, to the underworld or the river bank, where geology and archeology are perceived through the sockets in your own skull. The vision endows even objects with a life of their own; the hungry typewriter on the desk is drinking a sinister transfusion from the other side of the wall. Most things here are on the other side of some wall; girl and horse ride out of the back of the old photograph; the man coming around the house corner at sunset will be your uncle—if you are lucky. "Marriage is not/ a house or even a tent/ it is before that, and colder."

Where do the words go

When we have said them?

is a question no classical poet would have asked, no person born in a more stable time. Of course the most minor eddy flowed somewhere safe to sea. But now when the seas are polluted and the rivers dammed, it is good to have someone who has traveled them, "helmeted in fear," remembering archeopteryx. The courage is all—and is not an exclusively masculine virtue.

CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 3)

so, but married people are certainly not less risk-taking than the unmarried. Consider the space program. Finally he speaks of celibacy "for the kingdom of God," a reference to Matt. 19/12. This passage is the only place in all the gospels where Jesus appears to encourage celibacy, and Catholics use it almost without thinking as an unequivocal

ocal reference to the celibacy we know today. But Matt. 19/12 is not about being unmarried at all, according to scripture scholars Quentin Quesnell, Jacques Dumont and others (*Catholic Biblical Quarterly*, July 1968). It seems to be instead a text about marital fidelity, the "eunuch for the kingdom" being a man who remains faithful to an unfaithful wife. WILLIAM CLEARY

REPLY: I have only a few comments on the letters from William Cleary and Nancy Roche. In using the Berrigans as an example of the freedom celibacy could give a person for the proclamation of God's word, I admit that I chose an extreme example. I would never want to deny the prophetic witness against the war provided us by married people such as Mike Cullen or David Harris, or to assert that celibacy automatically provided a person with the commitment that such witness demands. Yet, without exaggerating the value of celibacy for a life of ministerial service, I continue to believe there is a sense in which the freedom it gives constitutes a real asset. That many Catholic ministers have not used it constructively is a fact I readily acknowledge, but one that does not of itself invalidate my thesis. With regard to my statement about "celibacy for the kingdom of God" I was merely using a phrase that has been conventional in discussions about celibacy in the past and giving it a new interpretation. I really have no intention of trying to justify celibacy on the grounds of Matt. 19:12, nor do I insist that celibacy should be mandatory for ordained ministry or ordained priesthood. Finally,

while I agree with Mrs. Roche that the problems with the Catholic conception of ministry/priesthood that I delineate in my article were evident well before the bishops' meeting, as a theologian I do not feel it a waste of time to undertake a careful reading of discussions by those who for better or for worse are the present leaders of the institutional church. (REV.) JOHN T. PAWLIKOWSKI

Operation Phoenix

APO San Francisco

To the Editors: Please, no more essays from Bishop Dozier [Dec. 24]. Well-researched and impressive as his Christmas essay was, thoroughly in keeping with the Christmas theme, it was another example of ecclesiastical "Monday morning quarter-backing." Where were Bishop Dozier and his cohorts five years ago when we really needed them for moral leadership? (As a pastor in the Richmond diocese, Bishop Dozier's influence would be quite limited, I know.) I have more respect for the sometimes incomprehensible Fathers Berrigan who at least were not afraid to accept the role of prophets at a crucial time. Perhaps the war in Vietnam is immoral (what war isn't these days?) and perhaps our interference was one horrible mistake—why wait until now to inform us when the two-minute warning has already been sounded? I feel quite sure that the same approach will be taken on optional celibacy—in 1977 or thereabouts when the church is in ruins, some hierarchical phoenix like Bishop Dozier will rise out of the ashes to register belated support. And some disillusioned cleric might very well shoot the phoenix between the eyes.

Did any of you ever wonder why not one military chaplain has registered his objection to the war in Vietnam as a conscientious objector?

JOHN J. FENTON

Catholic Chaplain, Lt. Col, USAF

Counting Noses

Grand Rapids, Mich.

To the Editors: "News and Views" in

the issue of February 11 adverted to Gallup's latest figures on church attendance and said that they "provide no consolations for Catholic officials." I wondered if this implies that they do provide consolations for Catholic non-officials or that they are a matter of unconcern to Catholic non-officials.

I recall with some amusement the non-scientific rule of thumb given by a since-deceased pastor and allegedly used by many pastors to determine the total number of parishioners: count the people at Mass on an ordinary Sunday, then multiply by two. That was in 1946—so, to a simple Catholic non-statistician, 1971 seems better than 1946. (REV.) RICHARD R. RYAN, C.S.P.

Errata

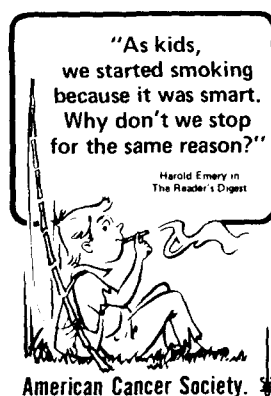
New Haven, Conn.

To the Editors: A lengthy omission unfortunately reversed the meaning of a portion of my reply to Mr. Ducore ["An Exchange of Views," Feb. 18]. Where the printed reply read "Now, I have given, I think, good reasons for her request . . .," it should have read as follows (with the missing words now italicized): "Now, I have given, I think, good reasons *against abortion per se. Therefore abortion should not be permitted, except when there are even better reasons in favor of it. But abortion 'on demand' means that the woman is not required to have any of these 'better reasons' for her request. . .*"

The proposal for liberalizing the enforcement, rather than the content, of abortion legislation was also obscured by an omission. This proposal (with the previously missing words now inserted and italicized) should have read: "I would envision a woman perhaps signing a statement affirming that she believes her case to meet the *prescribed restrictive conditions. Such a statement would then be accepted as presumptive evidence that the abortion is legal.*"

Sorry to take up more space just to repeat myself, but I thought the matter important enough to make clarity essential.

RICHARD STITH



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